★ INSIDE: HOW THE FEST WAS WON ★

SELECT

THE GLASTONBURY DAILY

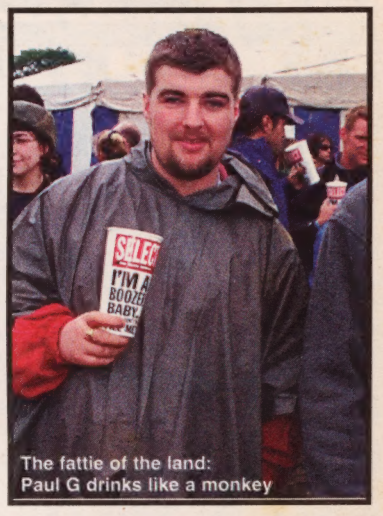
OH BROTHER!

One of the Gallagher brothers finally arrived at Glastonbury yesterday – but it wasn't Liam or Noel. Paul Gallagher, the eldest of the three, came to the festival and decisively killed rumours that his more famous siblings would be showing up.

"I spoke to me brothers before I came down," he told *Select*, "and they said 'You're mad', and I just said 'Yeah, I know'. Are they coming down? Nope, definitely not. Everyone's been asking me that. I mean, if you were them, would you come down? Thought not."

Paul was about to sling his hook at lunchtime. "I've officially given up camping at the grand old age of 31," he said."I can't do it no more. Basically, it's alright for these country bumpkins, they're used to it. But not us northerners

"Actually, I used to work in these conditions when I laid asphalt for a living. Eight, ten foot of pure mud, And that says it all really."



The fattie of the land: Paul G drinks like a monkey

WE'LL MEET AGAIN

Glastonbury organiser Michael Eavis last night acclaimed this year's festival as one of the best on record – and said that the crowd's response to the mud and rain had given the weekend its fantastic spirit.

"It did get very difficult," he said, calling into *Select*'s office. "It really was an incredible rainfall – sensationally bad – but we've actually achieved an amazing result. We got thousands and thousands of cars off the roads, there are no delays, and the punters have had a really good time. The people who bought tickets have been determined to make the most of it, and the spirit's really high."

Boss read: Eavis surveys Glastonbury's daily

Many had been speculating about whether this year's conditions were worse than those in 1985 – the Glastonbury that will forever be known as the 'rivers of mud' festival.

"It is the muddiest one on record," Eavis confirmed, "but the crowd was determined to fight back. That's the major thing of the weekend."

Continues page 3 ➡

You can see your tent from here: Yesterday's whirlybird's eye-view

WE'LL MEET AGAIN

From cover

Earlier this week, Glastonbury's organisers were concerned about the weather squashing the vibes altogether.

"I thought we nearly lost it on Thursday evening, when the heavens emptied. After that, we had to look at the safety features, and there were some causes for concern. But there was never any question of it being cancelled. The people were here, and the show had to go on."

The decisive moment came mid-way through the festival's first day, when the crowd seemingly decided to awaken their latent Dunkirk Spirit. "I think the whole thing took a turn upwards on Friday, mid-afternoon," said Eavis. "That's when it started rolling."

This weekend also saw rumours that Glastonbury 2000 will be the last ever – which lies some way from the truth.

"I'll be 65 in the year 2000, and that's a good time to sit back and have a look at whether we've got the enthusiasm and whether we still enjoy doing it. But there'll be a Glastonbury in '97, '98, '99 and 2000.

"Four more, and then we'll reconsider whether it should go on, or whether we're too big, or whether people have got fed up with us. You never know."

All told, Eavis agreed that despite the weekend's trials, he was a happy man. "It's been a great result and a great experience. This is a festival people will be talking about for years and years, saying they were there and they survived it. That's the thing."

The Dunkirk spirit, yesterday

He gets by with a little help from his friend: Simon Fowler (left) rocks out with Damon Minchella

OLD-SCHOOL TRIP

OCEAN COLOUR SCENE

The Pyramid Stage

"I can't believe we're up here," says Simon 'Foxy' Fowler. It's about as touching a moment as anyone's seen all weekend.

Now everyone's sure that it isn't going to rain again, the tasty Saturday night bill entices the hardy rock fan out of the beer tents and back to the fields. Dodgy do their stadium(ish) thing, and then the crown princes of old-schoolery proudly take the stage.

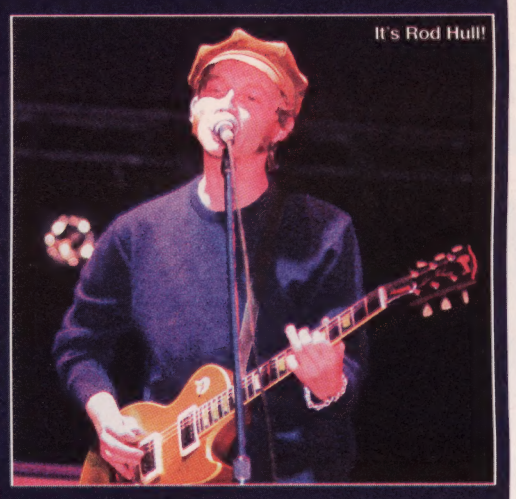
Fowler struts up and down Jagger-style, Steve Cradock – who's now adopted a Rod Hull-esque cap-and-sidies combo – throws snooty Townshend moves while playing note-perfect solos, and bassist Damon Michella sees fit to stare into the video camera lens and apparently mouth the words "fuck fuck fuck". Lovely.

The Scene's entire repertoire sounds like it's rooted back when shillings existed, but they're consummately ass-kicking live and do melancholy English R&B ('The Circle', 'Lining Your Pockets') and thuggish blues-rock ('You Got It Bad') better than anyone. Not unreasonably, there's mass spontaneous arm-waving and communal emoting complete with moistened eyes for 'The Day We Caught The Train', and frantic emoting for 'The Riverboat Song'.

Their moves are straight off the Old Grey Whistle Test, but the sight of these erstwhile underdogs on the verge of headlining gives this set an aura of proper vindication.

Damon chirps "Real music, y'know what I mean?", and in their defiant retro fashion the Scene aren't bluffing.

IAN HARRISON



It's Rod Hull!

CAST OFF!

CAST

Pyramid Stage

"*Flying through the air,*" John Power sings, his Nice Bloke face screwed into a guitar-solo rictus. But this is not just Tantric Ganja bollocks, because around 300lb of mud is, indeed, flying through the air towards Cast. Power finishes 'Flying' with a two-fingered salute, and snaps, "At least I'm good at writing songs. You're shit at throwing mud." He probably wished he hadn't said that when, on the word 'mud', a cannonball of shitty, straw-laden oomska hits him right in the knackers.

Power's so daffily Nice that it's often hard to point out just what Cast's strengths – and shortcomings – actually are. But as 'Sandstorm,' 'Guiding Star' and 'All The Other Ones' go by, all rousing beat-pop staples which make Cast an agreeable prospect in proper summer climes, it becomes clear that this really isn't going to be their afternoon.

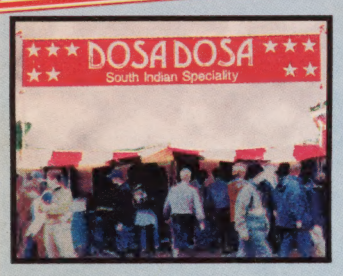
The bloke having a wazz by the crash barrier taps his foot in time to 'Free Me', but then the bloke by the crash barrier is weeing on his own shoes as he does so. When Security bundle over the fence to deal with the Mud Slinging Massive, they find it hard to keep a straight face as they caution them. "People have travelled hundreds of miles to see Cast at Glastonbury," one of them reasons.

"Yeah, but they've all found out they're shite," the Slinger In Chief reasons, a little bit unreasonably. "Come on, I bet you thought it was hilarious."

As security 'Walk Away', there's a queue of 14 people lining up to shake the Mud Critic's hands. John Power found out the hard way not to wear a white shirt and trousers at Glastonbury. Same time next year…

CAITLIN MORAN

Ian Harrisons Daily Specials



The great range of Glastonbury food emporiums sometimes produces the odd unfortunate juxtaposition. Next to the "meat sandwich, hold the bread" blokiness of Hog Roast is the veggie **Dosa Dosa**, self-proclaimed "South Indian Specialists", a little surprising as all the staff are as white as the Ace of Tippex.

But while their geography might be impeccable, they could learn a couple of lessons in spelling – they promise a "free papadam with every order". Such linguistic niceties aside, Dosa Dosa offer lush curry dishes spiced up with sambar and tomato chutney. Even better, their deluxe savoury pancakes come free with tea and coffee. Stop drinking that Red Thunderbird for a few minutes, kids. Caffeine really is important.

Ideal customer – Crispian Mills.

Red Leb win the prize for the most obvious attempt to appeal to the kids – it's a wonder McDonalds never thought to open a few shops called "Ronald's Opium Den" to capture that all-important 16-25 demographic. But apart from the fact that Red Leb have hashish leaves on their sign, they actually sell top quality nosh, all for under £2. You might be disappointed that the Red Leb Chicken isn't coated in the implied resin, but you will appreciate the delicious spicy sauce and toasted Lebanese bread that comes with it. One word of warning – to live up to its image as a haven for the temporarily confused, the stall constantly plays evil hardcore rave through a broken stereo, thus making it impossible to order anything at less than screaming level. It's the Red Leb way. Ideal customer – Keith Prodge.

Still more confusing is **Cap'n Dave's Seafood**. Above the sign showing a ship's wheel is the slogan 'Seafood with a taste of America'. Most of the meals seem to have little to do with America – you might think that 'Bacon, Onion, Mushroom and Cheese' is pretty universal, but good ole Cap'n Dave has written underneath in brackets 'Texan Breakfast'.

Dave probably isn't a real captain either, just someone who likes to dress up in the uniform in the privacy of his own bedroom. But at a bargain £2.50 you can get the delicious Cajun Garlic prawns with Garlic Bread, garlic obviously being as American as the Statue of Liberty. It's a wonder Dave doesn't start doing Arizona-style jellied eels. Ideal customer – Bobby Gillespie three years ago.

All three stalls are on the same road as the Select Signing Tent. Go and visit them after you've had your T-shirt signed by the bass-player from Midget.

Star-shaped: Thom rocks Glasters in iconic style

FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORKE

RADIOHEAD

Pyramid Stage

It was do or die really. Glastonbury's filth-caked temporary barrio was the ultimate test of Radiohead's stadium ambition and they danced through it with almost comic ease. The stakes were already raised before they'd even stepped on stage: this was their first UK gig since 'The Bends' and 'OK Computer''s been welcomed with across the board reverence. Environmental conditions have foreed even the hardiest performers to slog it out, but Radiohead strolled through with grace, power and even a little wit courtesy of the '60's lounge-core intro which reminded us that "summer is a happy time".

For all its vaunted difficulty, the 'OK Computer' repertoire shows them flexing muscles we didn't know they had. Live, it's nudged them from blokes with big plans to premier league figures who make playing out your angst on a stadium backdrop seem pathetically simple. Only the great are so effortless, and for all their supposed self-obsession and misanthropy, Radiohead are genial performers. Thom Yorke treated the 40,000 crowd with casual intimacy and the hushed murmer as he closed 'Creep' was astonishing. They're Queen with self-esteem problems.

He even tempted the elements with 'Paranoid Android''s "rain down on me" refrain, but the clouds held and we even had unplanned fireworks during 'No Surprises'. For 90 minutes the mud could've been hip deep and you wouldn't have given a monkey's because the soundtrack was so sublime. The new U2? Don't be so insulting...

GARETH GRUNDY

THREE-PIECE: SWEET!

DODGY

Pyramid Stage

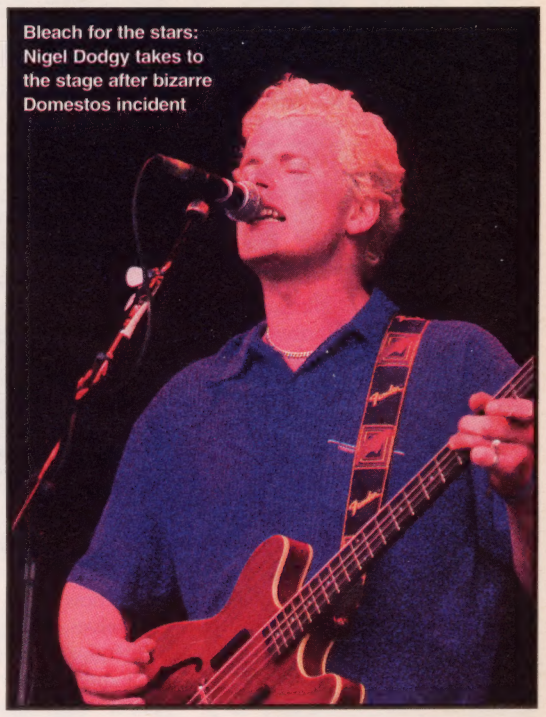
In one huge mass shrugging of shoulders and get-on-with-it attitude, the punter optimism quotient has risen to its highest point so far. And there's not many bands as well equipped to articulate such an improved early evening mood as Dodgy.

With grins firmly fixed, the band saunter on chucking out Dodgy hats and fire straight into 'Jack The Lad' with Mathew Priest flinging his arms around, mouth permanently in the O-position. But it's not until 'In A Room' and the entirely inappropriate 'Staying Out For The Summer' that the stride is hit. Previously static legs begin to move, comrade-hugging begins in earnest and Dodgy's monster one and a half hour set shudders into life.

"We've played every festival since '93," screams Mathew as he searches for the correct compliment. "And this is definitely the most... recent." But although the desired addition of sunshine to complete the true Dodgy experience isn't forthcoming, there's more than enough high vibed fare to satisfy.

A finely mulletted Ray Davies enters for a brilliantly shambolic 'Tired Of Waiting', '80s hollerer Sam Brown comes on to provide backing vocals and a Bosnian percussionist joins in from the hope-centric 'Good Enough' onwards. Right up until the final elongated bawdy cheer of 'The Elephant', there's an air of everybody-invited jubilation and it appears that Dodgy have pulled off the largest mood turnaround in years. Heroic.

SAM UPTON



Bleach for the stars: Nigel Dodgy takes to the stage after bizarre Domestos incident

STOP PRESS

The festival's surprise Sunday guests are not Oasis or Commander Cody And His Lost Planet Airmen but... Kula Shaker! They play an extra show in between Sting and Steve Winwood on the Pyramid Stage. If Winwood pulls out through illness, his place will be taken by Ash.

GLASTO FACTS

In July Glastonbury will host the Crop Circle Conference as well as the first International Goddess Conference in August.

WIN!

A SET OF PIONEER SPEAKERS AND A 25 CD MEGACHANGER

Simply fill in this form and hand it into the Select stand and as soon as we've recovered, one fantastically fortunate winner will be picked out of the felt jesters hat. If you can't locate the stand then send the form to Karen Monachan, Emap Metro, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Sreet, London, W1N 7AR.

Name .....

Age 15-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-44 ☐ 45-54 ☐ 55+☐

Address .....

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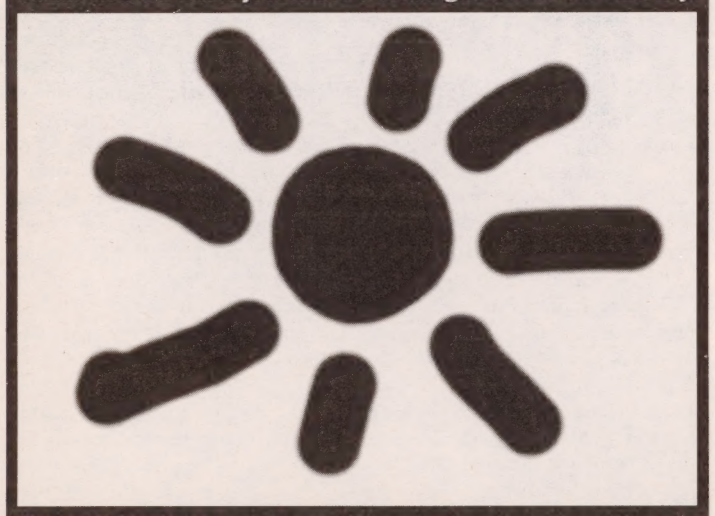
Which mags do you read? Select ☐ Q ☐ Mojo ☐ Kerrang! ☐

Emap Metro may permit other reputable companies to make offers of products or services which we believe may be of interest to our customers. If you do not wish to have the details passed on, please tick this box ☐

The Elements

Thank God it's Sunday! And the sun has got his hat on. Possibly.



Hooray! The temperature continues to rise and rise, hitting the heady heights of 17°C. But there may be slight rain, along with (fanfare) a little ray of sunshine every so often. Which means the mud will harden to glue so if your wellies get stuck they may still be waiting for you next year!

NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

● Teddy Sheringham signed yesterday for Manchester United for a knock-down fee of £3.5 million. Stepping in to fill Eric Cantona's captaincy, he will retain his number 10 shirt, Cantona's number 7 being handed on to Posh Spice tottie David Beckham. Sheringham's first league match of the season will be a baptism by fire at Tottenham ground White Hart Lane on August 10.

● China's People's Liberation Army plans to flood Hong Kong with some 4000 troops only hours after it changes hands at midnight on Monday. Helicopters and warships will all be on standby, while armoured personnel vehicles will trawl the streets. Incoming Hong Kong leader Tung Chee-hwa has accused the British of "over-reacting" to the news.

● Mark Morrison was freed from jail after serving only part of his three-month sentence for threatening police with a 23,000-volt stun gun. Jailed in May, Morrison was allegedly released early after spending most of his sentence in the hospital wing following abuse and threats from other inmates. The 'Return Of The Mack' star said triumphantly of his release: "Only God can judge me now".

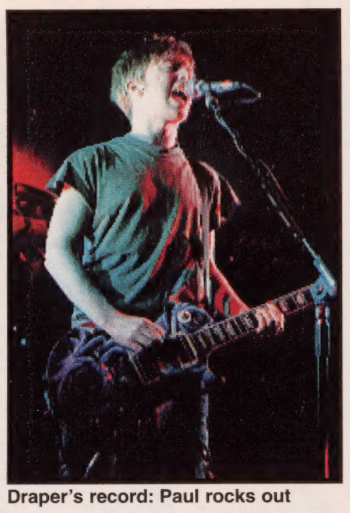
● An Islington council youth worker accused of asking a schoolboy in his charge to buy drugs for him on a trip to Paris last November "because he spoke good French", failed to turn up for his appeal hearing yesterday. Sacked for gross misconduct, the services were alerted to the unnamed worker's misdemeanour after the mother of the boy complained to the council.

● Having walked hand-in-hand through New York's Bronx district recently as a goodwill gesture towards the disenfranchised ghetto community, unlikely pals Mother Theresa and Princess Diana are rumoured to be concluding their tour with a visit to the Red Cross tents at Glastonbury late on Sunday evening. "It seemed like the logical conclusion to their efforts," said one official source.

PICK OF THE DAY

PIMP IT UP

The past year for Mansun has seen them transformed from angst-ridden provincial guitar brawlers with a confused image problem to all-out global glam-punk magnates. The evidence was there with the early chaotic urgency of singles 'Egg Shaped Fred' and 'Take It Easy Chicken', but all doubt was suspended when their album, 'Attack Of The Grey Lantern', went gold in its first week, ousting Blur from Number One.



Draper's record: Paul rocks out

With work having begun this month on the next album, there won't be a new single until October so for now you'll have to content yourselves with one of the few British gigs they'll play this summer.

Expect a certain amount of verbal argy bargy from lyric-literate singer Paul Draper, punk-pimp chic as modelled by guitarist Chad, and the setlist zenith coming with the heroic rumble of 'Wide Open Space'. Tonight will be their first appearance at Glastonbury but not for them the mid-afternoon snooze-slot. Coming on well after nightfall, they'll be possibly the last great band you'll see this weekend and every assurance is given that all detractors will be converted.

● *Mansun play The Other Stage tonight at 9.40pm*

GLASTO FACTO

It is said that Joseph of Arimathea once bought his nephew, Jesus, to visit Glastonbury. Post-crucifixion, Joseph returned and threw the chalice Jesus used at The Last Supper into what's now called Chalice Well, located at the bottom of the Tor.

MUDDY LOGIC

There aren't many bands more suited to the pastoral charms of Glastonbury than Super Furry Animals. The biodynamics of their skewed psychedelia and 'unique' visions of singer Gruff Rhys are unsettling at the best of times, but here they'll be positively alarming. In the best possible way, of course

With new album 'Radiator' set for release in August, they'll be showing off such high rollers as 'Play It Cool' and the snappily titled 'International Language Of Screaming' as well as debut album tracks like the not-about-drugs-at-all 'Something For The Weekend' and the thoroughly bemusing 'Hometown Unicorn'.

As well as SFA themselves, sightings of splinter prankster rave collective the Acid Casuals are expected somewhere on site (look for their dayglo orange caravan). However, the SFA rave tank won't be making an appearance as it's been sold to chief Eagle Don Henley (true!).

This year there are promises of more mammal-related surprises. "All I can say is panda," Gruff half explains, and refuses to be drawn further. Whatever they do, they'll be stranger than extremely strange indeed. That much is guaranteed.

● *Super Furry Animals play The Other Stage at 4.55pm*

Super Furry Animals: radiating skewed psychedelia, apparently

BE AFRAID, BE VERY AFRAID

What is be the one thing you'd love to be doing which doesn't involve an eiderdown quilt? Watching an hour and a half of ultra-magnified insects on a fifty foot screen, shagging, scrapping and generally being repulsive, *that* is what your final memory of Glastonbury should be.

French film *Microcosmos* is set on one hill and features entomological footage taken over years of painstaking filming.

Your worst nightmare, basically

Along with the unsavoury images of wretch-worthy mouthparts, the sound is amplified to such a degree that every love noise produced by a pair of fruity praying mantises are clearly audible. There are no actors, no dialogue, zero plot and nothing gets blown up, but it will, without a doubt, be the freakiest thing you'll see all weekend.

But remember, stay straight. This film should not be attempted if under any influence- it's way too scary.

● *Microcosmos will be shown at the Outside Cinema on Sunday at 2.30am*

"HONEST!"

For the final time, a report from the gossip trench backstage at Glastonbury

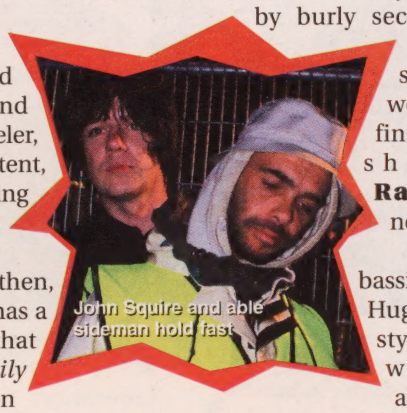
If you're a pop star, nothing is impossible, given 'contacts' in the farming community and a hefty wodge of cash. **Dubstar** were so appaled by the Crimean conditions backstage that Sarah rang her father – a known 'face' in the farming world – and got £60's worth of hay delivered to their camper van. The Dubs then scattered said dried grass products in their immediate vicinity, allowing them and their chums the chance to lounge around on clean, dry hay, kick off the outdoor Dub Barbecue they'd been planning and facilitate well over a thousand 'roll in the hay' and 'hay fever' gags.

Boot girl action wif Saff

Jarvis Cocker – arriving on site clad in suitably kitsch wellingtons (ie those ones with frog's eyes on the toes) was so impressed he popped in for a charred veggie burger and stayed for three hours.

Jayne Middlemiss and **Jamie Theakston**, otherwise known as 'The O-Zone Totty Couple', have been swooning around like a pair of love-sick puppies. Even though the mud had become 'sticky and spunky' (copyright The Aloof) by Saturday, Theakston and Middlemiss were seen skipping along, hand in hand, taking every opportunity to snog behind the BBC Production Van.

Brian from **Placebo**, however, has had no time for soppy-doppy love shit. His backstage tent was 'blessed' with a battery-powered karaoke machine, which he and a bunch of 12 pissed mates proceeded to use until 5.30am. However, such was the amount of bisexual Scrumpy consumed in their tent inferno, each song (and we're talking 'I Will Survive', 'In The Summertime' and 'Star Trekkin' by The Firm) was ruined by the second verse. Tim Wheeler, in an adjacent tent, was seen looking pale and wan the next morning. But then, **Tim Wheeler** has a big secret that *Select Daily* cannot even begin to explain. Tim's tent is a large, Organised Dad Tent, which has been kept resolutely zipped all weekend.



John Squire and able sideman hold fast

However, Tim left it unzipped for 30 seconds on Saturday, and inside there is *nothing at all.* Just ten square metres of green, healthy, untouched grass. What the fuck is going on there?

And so, pausing only to report that **Keith Prodigy** was spotted snogging two mud-drenched female punters simultaneously, and was lucky to escape with his tongue-stud intact, Saffron from **Republica** insisted on painting her personalised beer tent chair dayglo and **The Seahorses** refused to leave the site until Monday morning but were eventually persuaded by burly security men later the same night, we should finish with shocking **Radiohead** news.

Colin, the bassist with the Hugh Laurie style, was so worried about the conditions backstage that he insisted on all the band buying waders and stocking up on Baby Wet Wipes. All of these were packed in a large bin-liner, and left at Colin's house over night. But the band's bus arrived early and, in the rush, Colin grabbed the bin-liner from the kitchen and ran onto the bus.

Radiohead were just coming into Shepton Mallet when Colin realised that waders and wet-wipes had been left at home, and all Radiohead had to help them through 24 hours in the Somme was 20kg of dirty washing.

Until next year, THERE IS NO MORE GOSSIP.

TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...

MIKE STOKES (BENTLEY RHYTHM ACE)

"We've just got back from Singapore last Thursday so we're pretty bollocksed. But I do like Glastonbury. We used to go for the whole week before as punters and do all the little things like fireside gong banging and all that. Fantastic, it was! The best was all the tellys and videos that people crowded round to watch. They were powered by the Rinky Dink clan where these two people on a tandem generate the electricity.

"We've packed, like, one T-shirt between us so much of the day will be spent trying to find the underwear stall. We are just not together at all. Are we camping? Urgh. I don't know. I think so. Maybe. Probably... Christ, see what I mean? Not with it. What time are we on today? Oh right, I haven't been up that early since 1987 so it's impossible to predict what sort of state we'll be in. We'll get on stage and go 'Mornin" to each other and have a fry up before we start. That should pull 'em in. But we've been heavily investing in some disco lights to spruce up the act a bit. Proper double helicopter spinning ones straight off a mobile disco. It's going to be spectacular!

"We're not people to go down the front for other bands. We'll be half a mile back with the binoculars playing Guess Who's On. I don't think I've ever seen a band properly at Glastonbury, generally all the interesting stuff has nothing to do with crappy music. Sting? Oh my good God! He's one of the few people who brings me out in spots. I might go and see a film instead.

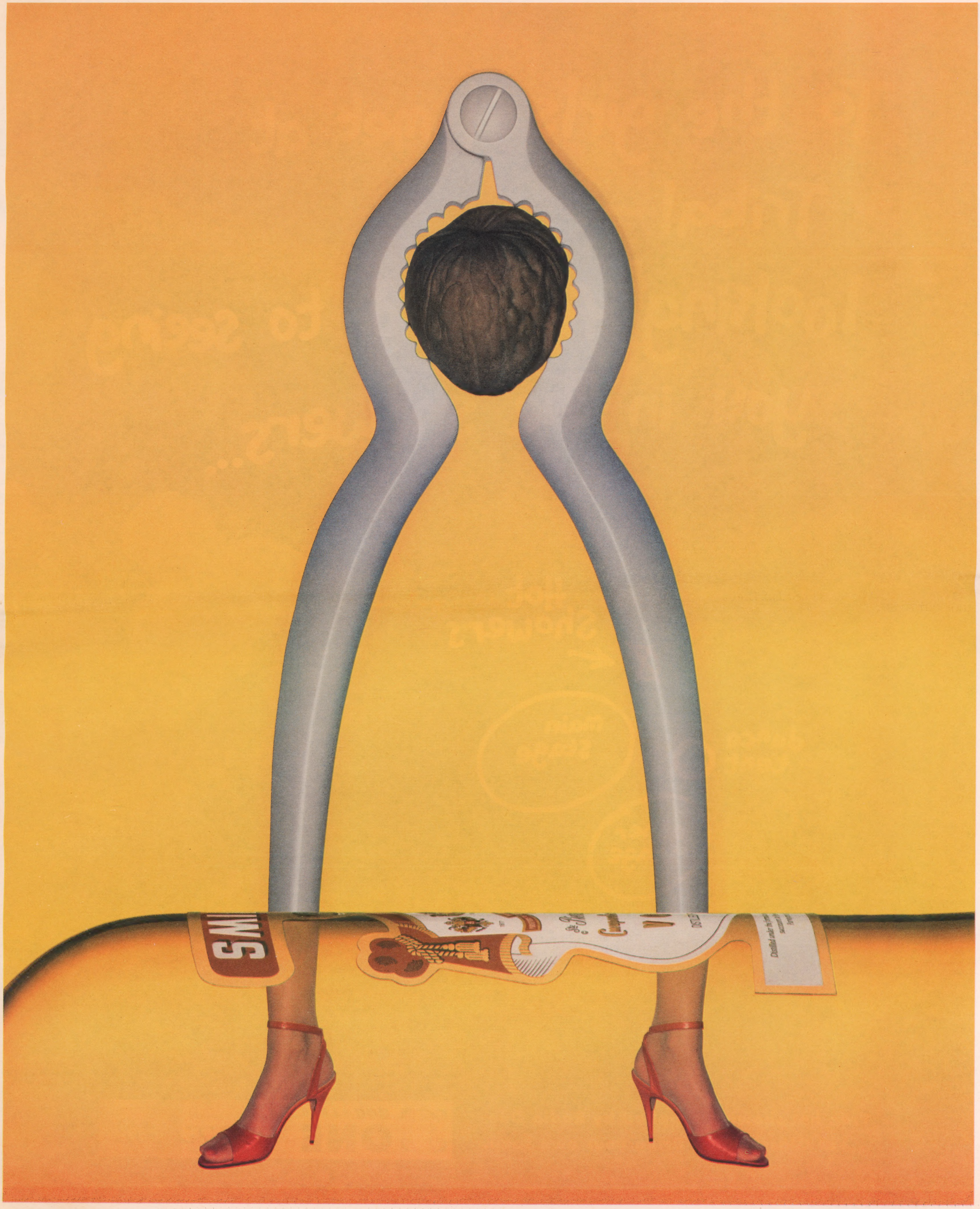
"I really haven't got the first clue about how we're getting home. Most of the evening will probably be spent trying to find someone to drive us. We won't be staying over. It's the most depressing thing in the world, waking up on Monday feeling like shit and having that twenty mile traffic jam to get through. We'll make our exit under cover of night and no one will be any the wiser. Keep it clean."

● *Bentley Rhythm Ace play the Dance Tent today at 1.15pm*

To the girls I met at Tribal –
looking forward to seeing you in the showers...

Free hot showers supplied by Radio One at Glastonbury. Bring your own soap.

BBC RADIO ONE 97-99 FM



SELECT MAGAZINE Messages

Find lost souls, seek a life partner or simply express your confused state. All is possible in the daily message centre...

STEPH, we want you. Here, we mean. Wish you could share in this liquid excrement experience 'cos you'd love it. Arses.

ALASDAIR MACHARDY... smells!!!

SONAL – I'm at Appletree in market F next to 24 hour shop and gate for traders. Come and find me OK? Lots of love Emily.

TOO TALL! I'm near the stone circle. CP.

SAM SPAM. Remember Liz and Nat, the Tent Girls from Phoenix? How are you and your orange tent?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY JUDE. May the force be with you. From the Mud Monkeys.

HUGO – I'm here too! We're by a flag in the campsite to the left of the stone circle in a big green tent. See you soon maybe. Cathi Freeman.

SLURP, SLURP, SQUELCH, SQUELCH. Hello Fiona, Chloe and Brian.

LOOK OUT FOR MY COAT and listen for cries of "Oi Bastards."

THANK YOU Marcus, Duncan, Debbie, Derek, Emma, Andrew, Finan and Bowen for helping us unload the daily paper yesterday. Love Select.

MATT and BOD – look at you reading this message! Pete and Jo.

OI FLUFFY, DAVE and DERMOT. Find us you dumb arses. Love Sarah, James and girls.

HUGO BRADDICK. I'm in corner facing Pyramid Stage which is on left as you look down tothe hill. Next to biggest white tent in field on right hand side – blue and dark blue hexagonal tent. Or phone Simon Dawes' mobile on 0860 911 487.

PETER SMEGDON. Happy Birthday old chum, love Janet, Dave and Ginge.

KATE MOORE and JONATHAN. It's Leigh! Please meet me outside Select tent Sunday at 12pm. Sorry I was not there Thursday. See ya Sunday, love Leigh and Andy.

GED. Where are you? We're near the Samaritans tent between the Other Stage and the Jazz Stage. Go there and shout for Roger and Stu.

DEAR GODZILLA and CARE BEAR, love you loads. Happy wandering! Love Bat Girl.

LUCY RIVERS, where are you? Meeting place at 11 o'clock you said. Hope you're enjoying yourself and aren't too dead from cold or mud. Gutted that Catatonia didn't play, doh! Emma.

ALICE HOEY did you get here? Good luck in the mud! Look after yourself, Liz Rimmer.

HELLO TO ALL from Medway Towns. Love and kisses Brother Vince.

JOBE and HELENA. Have a good one. Ken.

SEAN CHAPLING. If I can't find you before Monday, please don't leave without me. I will meet you by the car if it comes to it!

BEN, ARE YOU IN? If you read this, we are camping in a blue dome by th Radio1 showers (Bute tent).

PETER, JANE, NIGEL, TAMMY, BOB and MARY, we're in the field with hot showers, top right hand corner. Look out for Nigel's yellow tent or leave message on my phone. Sue, Kenn and Roy.

VO! It's Richard here. If I don't see you later, enjoy all and until next time. Take care.

OI LORNA and HANNAH. Hey dudes! We haven't shagged Radiohead for Karen yet but hey, there's time yet. Love Holly R and Wenna P.

MILES. Are we giving you a lift home? Leave a note on the car. Love and stuff, Inga, Helen, Maria.

THANKS TO ALL AT SPECIALIZED SECURITY – you're fab! Love Select.

KENNY BIRD, FLANGE and your lovely pals. Ace to see you here. Love and chocolate croissants, Squat Bird.

TO NIK K. Your mumblows goats (you ligger). Chris Y.

2 ME MATES. I woz at Glasto and U weren't. Ha! In't mud brilliant? Cheers, Mark Hayon and Russ Crank.

TO EVERYONE WITHOUT WARM FEET AND JAFFA CAKES – up yours! We have!

HELLO UNISEX AGAIN. Lovely weather. Nice. Suitable for all ages. Unisex. Yummy. But the T-shirt. Bang, bang. Viva la unisexica.

KAI and RACHEL, we are camped next to the Tipi Field (near carrot flag ans a red and white stripey acid-man flag – red and green tent. Ceri.

QUEBEC. Hey babe – we're here! Dance Tent at the end outside graffitied soundbox. Love Sarah.

MIKE, MARTIN, ANNA, CLAIRE. Hello! Leave a message for Mat and I. Love Corinne.

ANNIE FROM AUSTRALIA. We couldn't find you in the mud onb Thursday. Meet same place at 11.30 am Sunday. Love Alex and Aris.

DANNY FLINT where are you? Love Kat.

SIOBHAN, sorry we couldn't meet you before Prodigy. Bekka, sorry we keep missing you. Meet you Sunday morning at the meeting point, love Sarah, Span, Alex, Seth.

JOLYON H, I'm under 7 years old and I'm near the Stone Circle. JP.

MIAZZA and AL. You are way bigger spooners than us! The cow on the hill barks 3 times at dawn. Happy Birthday for the 27th (soz it's late), love Claz, Gaz, Roz and Stew.

HAVE YOU SEEN WOOD WOMAN? If so, come to the Healing Field at sunset tonight for £100 reward shouting "I've seen Wood Woman".

Messages Of The Day

WEENIE, la la la la la la la la la la... shut up! Pete, you are a sexy puma

HELLO UNISEX AGAIN. Lovely weather. Nice. Suitable for all ages. Unisex. Yummy. But the T-shirt. Bang, bang. Viva la unisexica.

TO JETHRO DUNCAN, come to my tent and drink my lager. Love Dumpey.

MARK JOSE. We're camped on the roadside leading to NatWest in from of Scotland flag. Vic.

DEAR TOM SCOTT. Have fun, love Estragon.

DEAR JEMIMA, have muddy fun. I love you, Fred.

LUCY and RUTH, having a muddy good time (no, honestly!) See you Monday, love Emma, Kirsty, Helen and Rich.

LINZ, stop shagging your boss in the Green Field. Simon.

WILL, we're next to fire station in Other Stage field. Love Andrew.

TAMWORTH PEOPLE who know Hilary. We are meeting Matt H at 11.45am at the Japanese Noodle Bar by the Jazz Stage on Sunday. See you there.

TO THE EAGLE, THE EDGE, SPICE HAIR, THE BOSS, GORGEOUS CURLS and GPFC, oh, and Melly Babes. It's bluddy muddy but I'm still a happy shoppa. Love Sticky.

JOH, cheer up you miserable cow! It's only a bit of mud! Love James.

CHRIS POTTS, who lost his virginity to a ginger last week, where are you? Meet Sunday 2.30pm behind main stage sound desk. Nick and Bec.

BIG POO, TINY PENIS to all those who couldn't come (!). I love you and am thinking of you, Sarah.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY to Ryan Jamison learning to rock!

EMMA BROWN, I am in front of the Welsh flag. If I'm not here ask around. Martin X.

LISA – Eleanor came, she will meet you at 10pm, same place as last night.

HAPPY 40TH TO ANGIE. B. G. Hoping you have a face plant **TO THE BOYS WHO STARTED THE MUD FIGHT** before the Levellers gig, you know who you are. Write after this muddy mess is all over! Claire and Donna, 61 Chaucer Crescent, Speer, Newbury, Berkshire, RG14 1TP.

free day. See you for champers at the tent. Duggs, Scroti and friends. Little Freyzley send a kiss.

STEVE THE STRATHCLYDE MARKETING BLOKE. Hope you're enjoying the mud and cider. Love and cabbages, Aileen and Laura.

ADAM MASLOWSKI and BENDY DAVE. Ronan and Matt are here and have been at the meeting point. Be there at 6.30pm.

VENETIA and ANDY, meet me at Oxfam, left hand side of Pyramid at 4pm on Sunday. Lots of love, mud and peace Hazel.

E.M. BROWN ENVELOPE? For return, please leave message about where to meet under "S" at info by meeting point.

HAPPY WEDDING ANNIVERSARY STEVE. Six long years and we're still stuck together (by mud!) Love Caroline.

MISS JODIE GAJIC, where are you? C.

FREYA, time and dimensions spiral on and on and on friom your anti this man. Deep peace.

LUKE "SCAREY HAIR" are you here or what? I can't see you for the mud. Bev.

HAPPY 18TH DANNY BOY. Now you are legal. Ross, Adam, Mike.

HELLO SAM SIMCOX. Hope you can push the pushchair through the mud alright (or have you left that to Mark?) From Simon and Ben.

TO THE GANG – wish you were here, but us enchanting Wizards of Rhythm are happy. Hello Mrs Carthy, miss you, SC!! Brennie and Mickey.

SAM, JAMES, LOWT, where the fuck are you guys? Love Tom and Ryan.

JIM, RICH, NICKY. Hi, how ya doing. Sim, Rob, Rick.

FREAK-BOY MATT O'CONNELL! Where the hell are you, you fence-hopper! Andy from uni.

RHIAN CLARKE, 2 years old today, still smiling through the mud! Happy birthday from all the lost kidz.

MATT BROWN. If we all hide under this big pile of coats it'll be just fine... love Keef and Dan.

WILDE CLUB U11 TEQUILA SLAMMERS, sorted for smoke and mud. Norwich will seek revenge on comedy comperes. The cats miaow again.

JON T. So, is it always like this then? Where are you anyway? Your little sister, Jude.

SERE, it's not a penguin reeeelly! It's choclat! Lots of love Clara.

CATHERINE, VICKI and JANINE. Mud, mud, gloroius mud. Surviving on crisps and Rich Tea biscuits. Love Helen, Emma, Rich and Kirsty.

JODIE BROWN, hope you're having fun in the mud! Stay clean sweety. Luv 'n' hugs, Jane, Karen and Emma.

SETH, thank you for looking after me. You're the most wonderful person in the world. Love you, Hannah.

JOHANNA, YOU SLAPPER, where the fuck are you ? I'll meet you sometime! Love ya babe, Alice.

ERIC are you here? Love (train girl) Eleanor.

KERRY, congrats on your 2:1, love Paul.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY CHEEKY CHICKEN (Kirsty). Have a great 21st, love Kay. PS. Hi Wayne.

MARK, all this mud makes me think of you as poo-poo face! I love you, Phuong-Cac.

MONKEY ALEX, Happy Birthday for Saturday. Glastonbury Cake Tour 1997. Dave, Des, Kev.

BEAVIS SEEKS BUTTHEADS! For TV watching and screaming "YES"!

PREEYA, Where oh where are you? I'm at the meeting point next to the Pyramid meeting point at 10am and 10pm today. Love Ozzie and Michael.

WOLFY and MINGE and anyone else from 16 Leamington Street, the Harrow boy's here. Meet eater 5pm at information stand by Pyramid. Massive, I think they say.

HI FELLOW SKANKS. Loads of love Sarah and Synnove.

BETH, meet me on Sunday at 4pm. Love Cath B.

CRAIG and KEV. Up to our necks in it – and the mud! Wish you were here so we could roll around together in it! See you soon, love the (dirty) birds.

LOST MY HEAD. Reward for finder. Will.

AMY, ALICE, and EMILY, you bastards. Cheers for not meeting us. Are you lost in the mud? We hope so! Love Ed, Lara, Donna and Pippa.

LOU and JOHN. John has definitely won the big nose contest, second only to Shaun Ryder.

NOW AVAILABLE NOT HERE

V2 is only available backstage. Sorry.

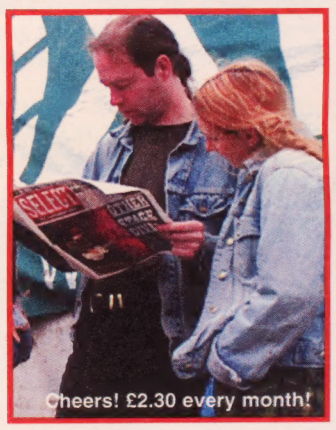
WHERE WERE YOU WHILE YOU WERE GETTING HIGH?

Choice pictures from the festival frontline plus a mouthwatering prize opportunity

Looks like they've just kicked in...

And it was going so well: two well dressed punters encounter crap hat horror

Though the doctor was kept well away, the mud was unfortunately omnipresent



Cheers! £2.30 every month!

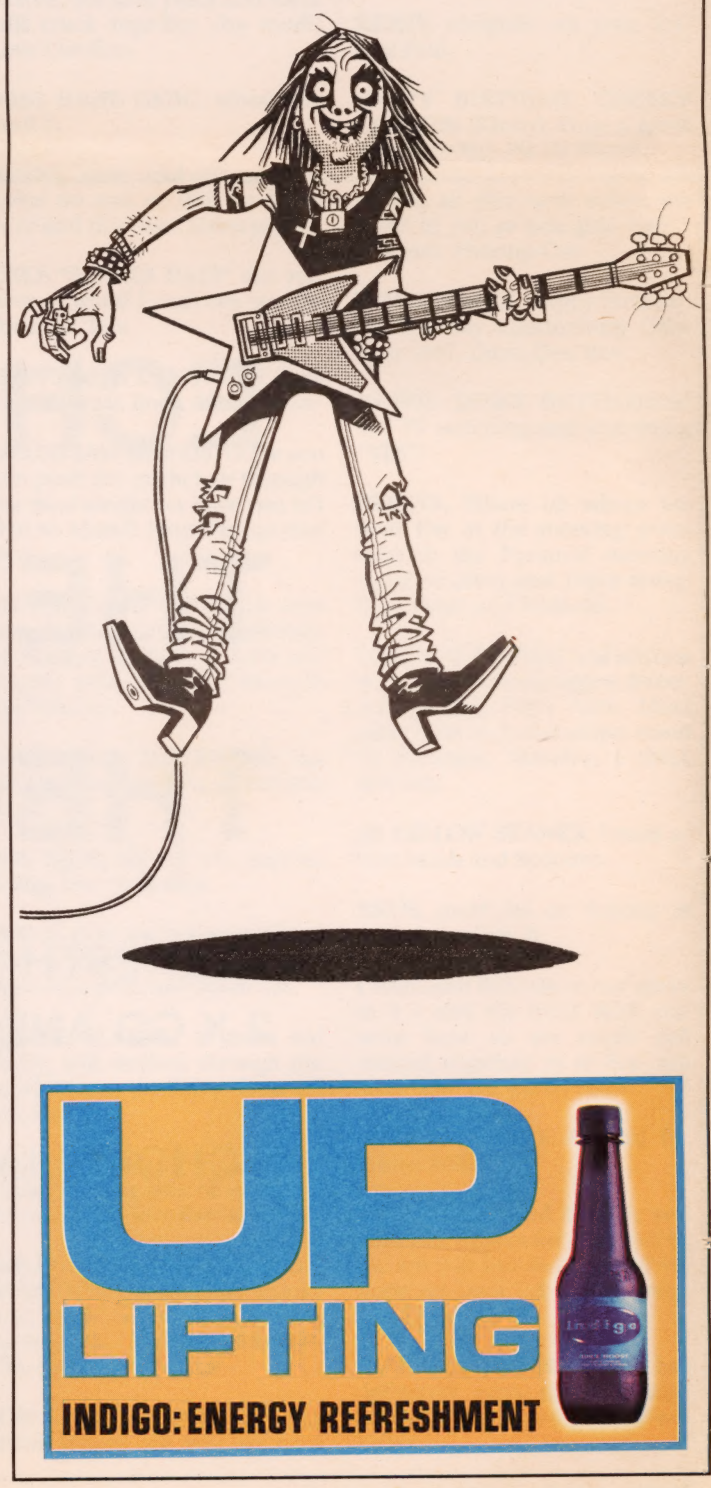
FACE IN THE CROWD

Is this you, caught yesterday by a *Select* camera? If it is, bring a copy of the *Select Daily* to the *Select* stall – between the two main stages in market area 'F' – and you can have a marvellous pair of 500-only limited edition Dr Martens Glastonbury '97 boots (pictured) made right next door to the fetival site in Shepton Mallet. Damn we're good to you people!

Many exotic culinary delights are on offer

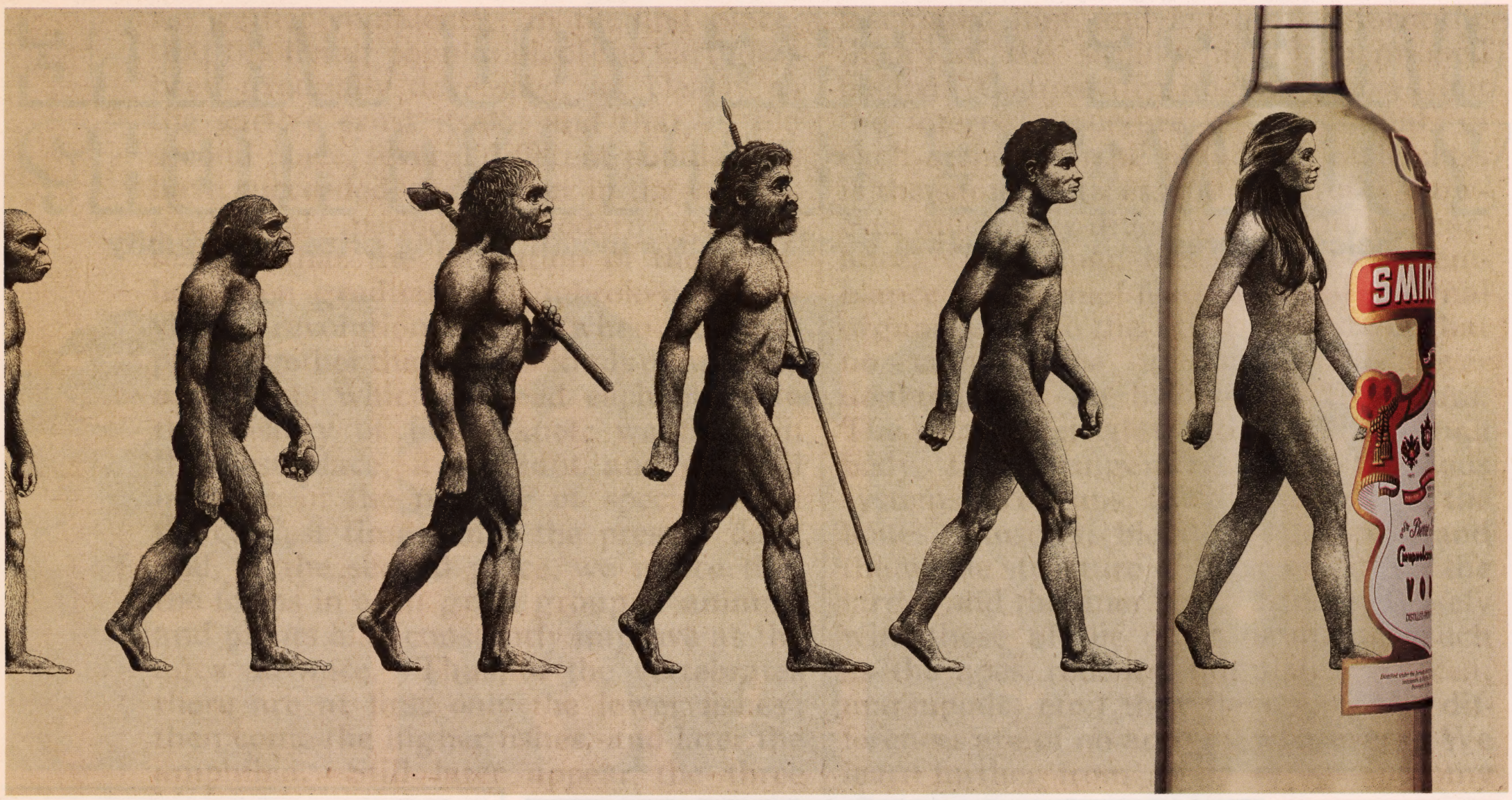
"The hot water's on, there's fresh sheets on the bed..." Sometimes the company of friends just isn't enough

At least they won't need a tow to get off the site



UP LIFTING

INDIGO: ENERGY REFRESHMENT



ECHOBELLY

THE WORLD IS FLAT

THE NEW SINGLE

JULY 28TH 1997
2 X CD AND CASSETTE

ECHOBELLY APPEAR AT 8.30pm TODAY ON THE OTHER STAGE

Oi! Leave the fairy alone

Oh no. It's the goth Keniçkie!

Top tips: get a friend to time your ablutions so that you brush for the full three minutes

How not to pitch a tent

The kiss off: see you next year campers

ROY WILKINSON & IAN HARRISON RECKON

The Truth Is Out There

Stumbling about the field of nightmares, powered by Red

Braced by a soupcon of sneaky midnight dub from Massive Attack, *Select*'s team of behind-the-lines infiltrators were in buoyant mood for their last recce of the Glasto outlands. Aware that the temporary city has its own customs and traditions, we take the compulsory night-time saunter up to The Fields Of Avalon, checking the heads, the teds and the damned. Those candle-powered steam boats are still there, and tonight we learn of their seductive power to clean the mucky ring on your bath if you stick a brillo pad to them. Esoteric knowledge, to be sure.

Wandering without purpose, we chance upon the sombre majesty that is Dubhenge. This imposing contemporary artwork involves the shells of monster trucks (looking not unlike giant Geri Spice stack-trainers to the unwitting eye) stuck in the ground and arranged in the same formation as, surprisingly, Stonehenge.

Looming out of the mist, its prehistoric strangeness could give you quite a turn, but like the real 'Henge the forces of reaction have put fences up. There's no mystic Chevvy/Dolmen interfacing tonight, or dub either. Suzanne, a young techno pagan from Stoke, is understandably brassed off. "We could have had a party in there," she smiles ruefully. "Sod this – I'm off to the Vibe Tribe teepee."

There's something in the air tonight, though. Not yet ready to join the rave nation, we saunter over to the Circus Field. In the Comedy Tent, the superhero called Mr Methane is living proof of the Great IQ Drop-Off that happens when the people of Albion have a few light ales. Lying prone, the attendant casualties snicker like Beavis And Butt-Head at Mr Methane's trouser-cough rendition of Madness' 'Driving In My Car' and a precision-quack take on the theme to 'Close Encounters'. How he does it, no one knows, but he does his idol, Le Petomane (legendary French flatulist of the 1900s), proud with such antics. Huh-huh – he *farted*.

Leaving behind such visceral thrills, we make for more spiritual dimensions – a well banging Christian campfire enclave. Stocked with roaring flames, free tea and guys in Jesus Army camo jackets, it's like Sunday School gone Battle Of The Bulge. As we enter the redoubt, one cross-wearing Michael Moore lookalike offers friendly comment to a spaced-out youngster: "Yeah, it's my first Glastonbury, too… but, remember, God is always here."

There's a benign mood afoot: evangelising is sat squarely on the back burner. Even the construction of exotic herbal cigarettes doesn't bring intimations of eternal damnation. A be-checked troubadour with acoustic guitar strums a merry chord, but dashes off to the other side of the fire when *Select* attempts to commandeer his instrument and knock out some Auteurs B-sides. As we leave, we turn down offers of further tea by waving bottles of Moscow Mule and gurning like malcontent Mr Pushermen. The Godly gang smile and generously wave us on our way.

Turning back onto one of Glastonbury's foremost thorough-fares, we chance upon two fellas industriously sifting through some rubbish bins. Good-natured inquiry is only natural. "I tell you," grins one bin trawler, "this is the best thing about the whole festival. You wouldn't believe what you find in these things – yesterday we got a whole box of 12 cans of Foster's."

They go on to itemise other alleged finds, including some new light bulbs, a manual for widening wheel arches on Saracen armoured cars and a dead squirrel. The course is clear – check out the coming trend for on-site refuse filtering before even My Life Story wise up to this growth area. The first person to find a signed photo of Sir Barnes Wallis and bring it to the *Select* signing tent wins Carl out of 60ft Dolls' house.

Selfish Christians keep their guitar away from Select's disablebodied best

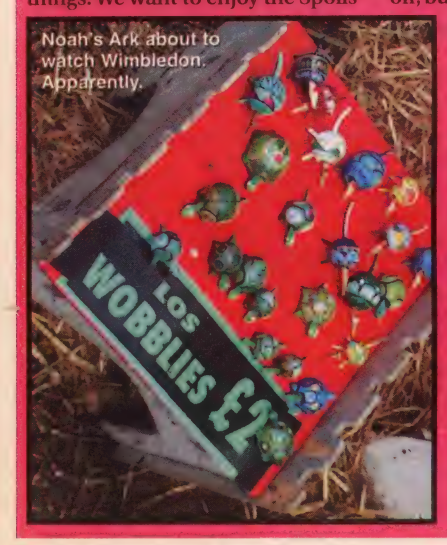
Bin there: The easy life the Glasto way

Cigarettes And Alcopops

The Glasto GoodHealth And Clean Living Guide

With the last day of Glastonbury upon us, thoughts naturally turn to souvenirs. The consumer within us all tires of buying plastic carrier bags to strap around moist and rotting feet, and endless pairs of waterproof trousers in unpalatably loud colours. We want lovely things! We want useless things! We want to enjoy the Spoils of Capitalism!

The Mexican Hammock Company *(Market area C)*
These people have just the thing to lighten the mud-wearied soul. Los Wobblies are small animals – the aardvark, hyena and tortoise are favourite – with wibbly-wobbly heads. A light breeze will set them off, but waggling them furiously by hand creates the affect of Noah's Ark watching the ball's progress at Wimbledon – which is surely more fun, at £2 a pop, than watching Sting doing anything. Particularly singing.



Noah's Ark about to watch Wimbledon. Apparently.

Abu *(Market area C)*
Just around the corner from the above is surely one of the more frightening stalls at Glastonbury. Abu specialise in mirrors wrapped around with fibreglass demons and the faces of souls in purgatory, for a reasonable £20.

If the idea of looking into a mirror after three days of No Civilisation frightens you too much, then you can purchase the faces of Souls In Torment sans mirror for a tenner. These items are ideal for recreating the cover of The Prodigy's 'Music For The Jilted Generation'. Which after three days of No Telly is surely a winner.

If you feel like a spending spree, then are are also candle-holders formed around the charming idea of two skeletons snogging. Imagine Kate Moss and Bobby Gillespie getting 'It' on. Now stop, quickly.

Spa Trek *(Market Area J)*
Of course, material goods aren't always enough to salve a soul wounded by the cancellation of The Family Of Free Love's Friday set. So allow the *Select Daily* to heartily recommend Spa Trek. A large, double-glazed tent, strewn with clean dry straw. The ambient clanking of wind chimes. The reassuring waft of incense. And six boiling hot-tubs, a sauna, six shower-rooms, and on-site Shiatsu masseurs and reflexologists.

Jools Holland was apparently so impressed he's intending to bring all of his enormously large Big Band down early today, so queues might form for the first time. At £10 for an all-inclusive hour of hot-tub sauna-action, it's well worth your while.

"We get a lot of people saying 'Clean me up, Scotty'," manager George says ruefully. "It was funny the first 100 times. And you get some dodgy geezers asking if sex is thrown in with the massage – I quote them a base-rate of £600 and they soon disappear."

So rinse your cling-ons away, weary consumers; and adios until next year.

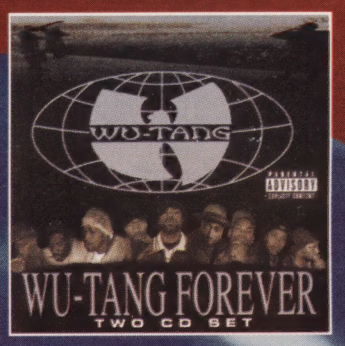
Tub henge: punters re-enact *Waterworld*

STARTS 4th JULY

CLEAN UP & SPLASH OUT AT THE SUMMER

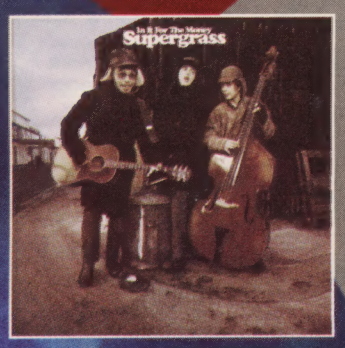
SALE

odelay
BECK



wu-tang forever
WU-TANG CLAN

dig your own hole
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS



in it for the money
SUPERGRASS

Dive into low, low prices on a massive selection of CDs

HMV

All items subject to availability at participating stores. Offer applies to stickered product only.

HOLD ON TO YOUR NECESSARIES IT'S A LISTINGS FRENZY

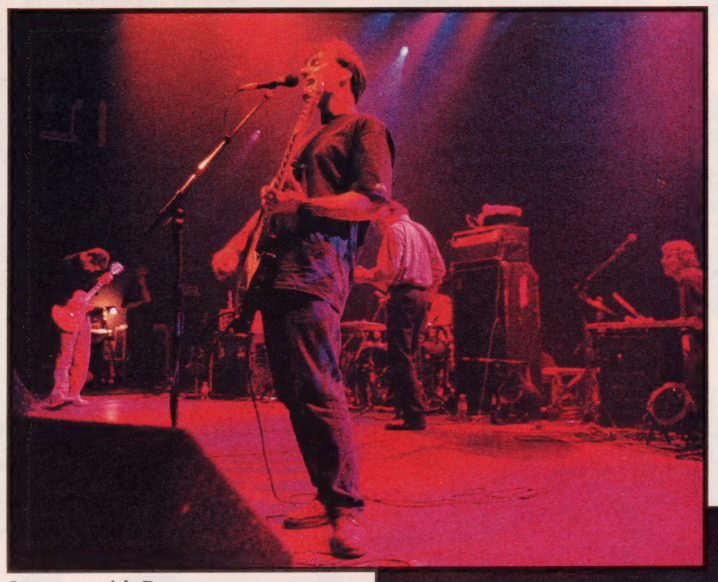
SUNDAY 29 JUNE

THE OTHER STAGE
10.30 Perfume
11.20 Stereophonics
12.10 **Travis**
1.05 Gorkys Zygotic Mynci
2.00 Supernaturals
2.55 3 Colours Red
3.55 Symposium
4.55 **Super Furry Animals**
6.05 Pavement
7.25 Live
8.35 Echobelly
9.40 **Mansun**
11.00 Bluetones

PYRAMID STAGE
10.25 Glastonbury Town Band
11.30 Donal Lunny
12.45 The Blue Nile
2.00 Billy Bragg
3.00 Sheryl Crow
4.40 Van Morrison
6.45 Sting
8.45 TBC
10.15 Steve Winwood

DANCE TENT
10.30 Nitin Sawhney
11.30 DJ Steve Howard
12.00 T-Power
1.00 Steve Howard
1.15 **Bentley Rhythm Ace**
2.00 DJ Steve Howard
2.30 Speedy J
3.30 United Future Organisation
5.00 Lionrock
5.45 **Ninja Tune featuring Coldcut and DJ Food**
7.45 Bandulu
8.30 Kitachi
9.30 Dimitri From Paris
11.00 Daft Punk

Beth Orton: staying in parked trailer


Step out with Pavement

JAZZ WORLD
11.35 Radio Science Orchestra
12.35 Keith Waithe And The Macusi Players
2.05 Chris Bowden
3.20 Grupo Folia
4.45 **Jimi Tenor**
6.00 The Herbaliser
7.20 **The Jungle Brothers**
8.50 Luciano
10.20 Youssou N'Dour

ACOUSTIC STAGE
1.00 Nervous
1.50 Planet Claire
2.50 Iono
4.00 Waterson: Carthy
5.20 **London Community Gospel Choir**
6.50 **Beth Orton**
8.30 Ani di Franco
10.00 Bootleg Beatles

CABARET MARQUEE
Cabaret compères: Malcolm Hardee, Andy Smart, Stu Who? and Paul B. Edwards. Musical fills from Dr. Midnight on his harmonica
10.30 Rhythm Wave
11.20 Poets' Hour: MC Jabber, Martin Newell, Murray Torkildsen, Ros Palfrey
12.25 Roxy's Toolbox
12.45 Scotty
1.10 Roxy's Toolbox
1.30 Johnny Vegas
2.05 Les Fifis Farfelues
2.15 Ben Baddoo
2.40 Les Fifis Farfelues
2.50 Attila the Stockbroker
3.25 Noel Fielding
4.00 Angie le Mar
4.35 George Egg
4.55 Mitch Benn
5.30 The Fountains of Strasberk
5.40 Today's Stand-Up Comedy Competition Winner
6.00 Brendan Burns
6.35 The Dustbin Dancers
6.50 Charmian Hughes
7.25 Feeding the Fish
7.40 Simon Bligh
8.15 Weapons of Sound
8.50 Terry Alderton
9.25 Paka the Incredible
9.40 Corky & the Juice Pigs
10.15 Mr Methane
10.35 Steve Best
11.10 Sweet Soul Sisters
11.45 **Charlie Chuck**
12.20 Mark Maier
12.55 Woody Bop Muddy

Daft Punk: will the last people in the Dance Tent please turn off the lighting

TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...

GRUFF RHYS (SUPER FURRIES)

"We'll probably be down for the whole weekend. I've been a few times as a punter: I had a hell of a shock in '87 when I was 16 and my head exploded from the whole experience. I think that it was at David Icke's speech that I really lost it."

"This year I'll probably have a tent, but you don't really need them. It's far better to stay up for three days and have an occasional kip in someone else's. There'll be a few surprises for our set. We're not allowed to bring any sound systems down but all I can say is these surprises will be related to the panda. The Acid Casuals *[prankster techno collective with SFA keyboardist Cian and* Twin Town *twin Llhr Ifans]* will probably also be down there handing out 2000 oranges with their location printed on them.

"My strangest experience? I think the whole thing is strange. But there was this time when I sat watching these lads from Merthyr trying to get their rented van out of the mud. I sat there for an hour just staring at them and eventually they just took all their bags out, siphoned out some petrol and and set it on fire. It was fucking brilliant.

"I think I'll be getting up for Gorky's then have a wander before we go on. It's a good time to play because it means we can get absolutely hammered after. We've never played Glastonbury before so we have no idea what it's going to be like. Playing in the day when you can see everybody and all the tents in the background is going to be very strange. I think I'll just look at my feet for the whole time.

"After the gig I'll probably watch Pavement then go off up to the Green Field, find a corner at the top and lie down. I'm very sceptical about the stone circle there. They were quite fashionable in Wales in the last century so every town now has a stone circle and they've become very tacky. But you'll probably find me still up there next year."

● *Super Furry Animals play The Other Stage at 2.55pm today*

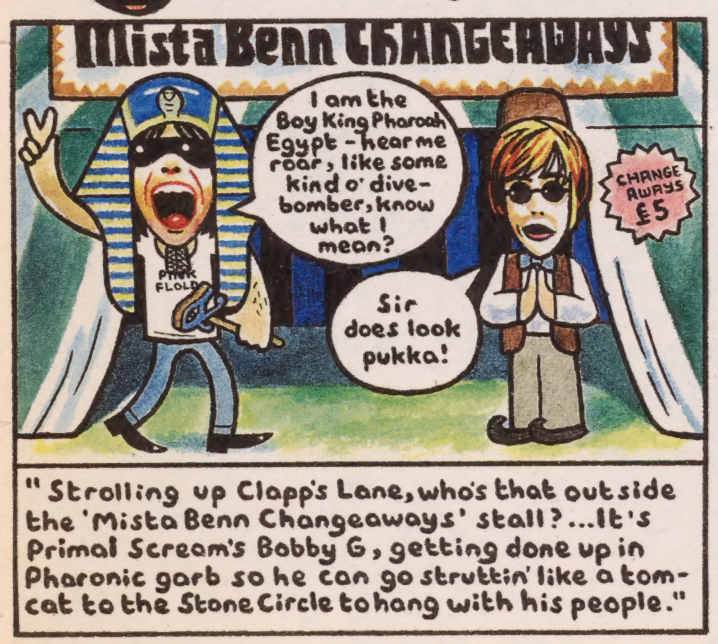
VARIETY TENT
Variety compères: Chris Cresswell & Dave Thompson.
10.30 Reincarnation
11.20 Les Fifis Farfelues
11.30 The Half-Human Video
12.05 Les Fifis Farfelues
12.15 The Chipolatas
1.05 Feets per Minute: 'Cult Fiction'
1.25 Allessandro
2.00 Jason Maverick
2.20 Fish Productions: "Love Me Tender"
3.10 Nathaniel: "Get a Day Job!"
4.15 No Fit State Circus "Treasure Island" (Ch*)
5.50 Poets' Hour
6.55 Creature Feature: 'A Recipe For Disaster'
8.15 Kissing the Goldfish
8.50 George Egg
9.25 DNA
11.30 Instant Wit
12.05 Jamie B Mc G
12.40 Roxy's Toolbox

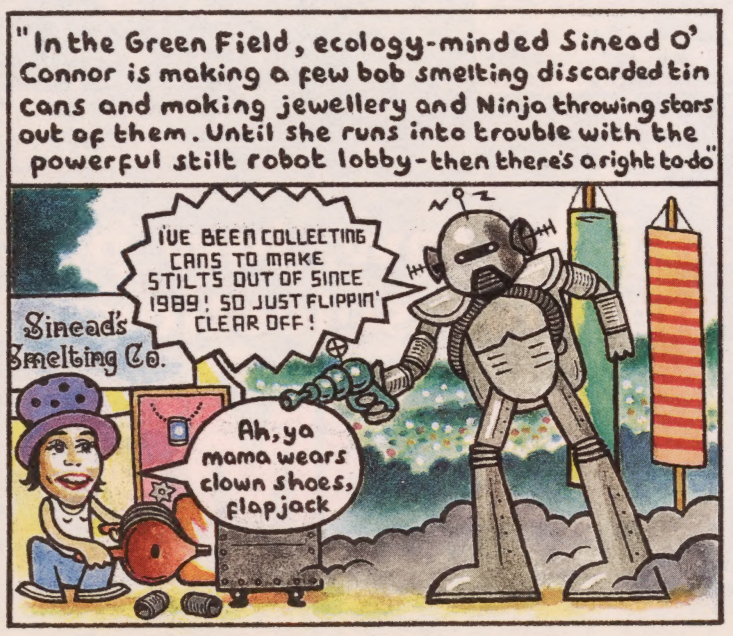
CINEMA MARQUEE
1.00 Shine
3.00 Some Mother's Son
5.00 Land And Freedom
7.30 Matilda
10.00 Le Bonheur Est Dans Le Pré
*Midnight Living in Oblivion
2.00 Spanking the Monkey

OUTSIDE CINEMA
10.30 Mars Attacks
12.30 City Of Lost Children
2.30 **Microcosmos**

PART 3 KEEPING IT REAL AT GLASTONBURY WITH OL' DIRTY BASTARD

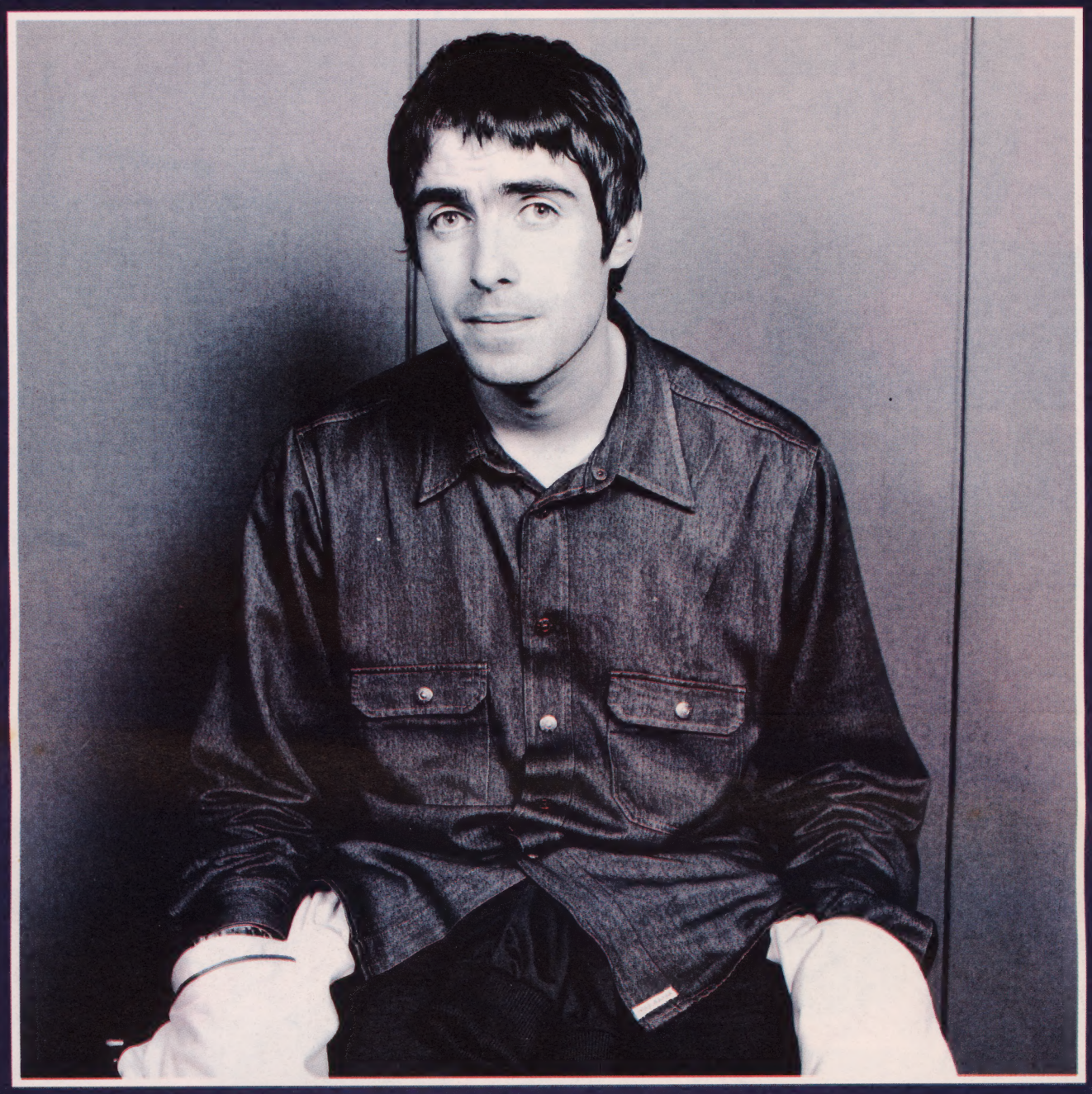
In the bustling souk of the Glastonbury Market area, merchants from across the globe jostle for custom. Join Ol' Dirty for the last time as he wanders hither and yon in search of those elusive amber deely-boppers.


Mista Benn CHANGEAWAYS
I am the Boy King Pharoah Egypt - hear me roar, like some kind o' dive-bomber, know what I mean?
Sir does look pukka!
CHANGE AWAYS £5
PHAT FLOLO
"Strolling up Clapp's Lane, who's that outside the 'Mista Benn Changeaways' stall? ...It's Primal Scream's Bobby G, getting done up in Pharonic garb so he can go struttin' like a tom-cat to the Stone Circle to hang with his people."


"In the Green Field, ecology-minded Sinead O' Connor is making a few bob smelting discarded tin cans and making jewellery and Ninja throwing stars out of them. Until she runs into trouble with the powerful stilt robot lobby - then there's a right to-do"
IVE BEEN COLLECTING CANS TO MAKE STILTS OUT OF SINCE 1989! SO JUST FLIPPIN' CLEAR OFF!
Sinead's Smelting Co.
Ah, ya mama wears clown shoes, flapjack

"Perhaps the most memorable spectacle is at the Pro-Am Magic-Pasty Eat-In over on mainstreet. Sunday morning sees a freak victory of Leeroy from the Prodigy over favourite Paul Weller in the finals of the Gluttony tournament - remarkable!"

The child that's born on the sabbath day, is bonny and bright and good and . . . dead cool, actually



He's hounded by the press. He doesn't talk much. But he's opened up to *Select*

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MAGAZINE

IT CAN BE DONE

Today's answer sheet for the third-day psychosis victim

SUNDAY

11am It's Sunday! Have a lie-in! Besides, are The Glastonbury Town Band really worth the huge amount of irony required? Less straining is to amble down just in time to miss the **Stereophonics** and prepare yourself for the rock majesty of...

12.10pm ...**Travis** (Other Stage). Anthemic educated unpredictability will be their personal gift to you but make sure the ale you stashed is under constant surveillance otherwise they'll have away with it.

1.05 A brief moment of tranquility over at the Bandstand (near Butts Bridge) is required to gather your thoughts, get back on an even mental keel, then completely blow it all by going back down to see **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci** (Other Stage).

1.15 Barely time to be befuddled before **Bentley Rhythm Ace** (Dance Tent) provide idiotic techno gooning. One full hour of mobile disco lights and East Midlands humour later and you'll be wanting some fresh air and a brief lie down..

2.00 There's an hour to kill so get up to the Craft Field to assure yourself that living in medieval times is a tres bad idea. Bodgers, turners, weavers plus other simple occupations that lend their name to rubbish folk groups can be harrassed into letting you join in. And once you've made that elemental carbon loaf with the leg powered pole lathe, re-enter the post-industrial age with...

2.55 ...**3 Colours Red** (Other Stage) for some decidedly unpastoral grimacings. After that you need some proper hearty Avalonian input so head up to the Outside Circus Stage for **Circomedia** (3.55). Stay until the inner screaming of 'Enough juggling already!' wells up, thus forcing you back to more sophisticated entertainment.

4.45 Arrive at the Other Stage just in time to see Symposium leave then patiently wait for the entrance of **Super Furry Animals**. There's talk of costume-related surprises but seeing them dressed up is the least of your problems. At this late stage in the festival, on no account are you to try and fathom what the songs are about. They are far too strange for normal reasoning and tangents upon tangents will be going off.

5.45 Mind you, **Pavement** (Other Stage, 6.05) aren't much better. So go hear twenty minutes of **Coldcut** (Dance Tent) to briefly get all this 'freaky shit' out of your system. Then you'll be in a better mindset to hear the skewed visions of Steven Malkmus.

6.50 Flee before you lose concentration and inadvertantly end up watching **Live** (Other Stage, 7.25) and head towards the Acoustic Stage for **Beth Orton**. But don't let your guard down after, **Sting** is still on the Pyramid Stage.

7.45 A final bout of shopping is required, if only to escape the sorry collection of bands currently playing. Try the Mexican hammocks and crowd round a load of plaggy creations that 'rave' under UV light, then fight through the crowds to...

8.45 ...whoever the hell is on the Pyramid Stage. It could be any one of the 30 or so rumoured bands flying around about. Just take your pick: Oasis? Blur? Black Grape? The Stones? The Horton Weavers? Nobody knows, but one thing's for certain, the Queen Mum's definitely dead. No, really.

9.30 There's still time left for some inner healing so get out to the Field of Avalon for bioenergetic mandolin playing and Druidic bards telling dubious stories in bearded hushed tones. After one 'didge-in' too many, retreat to the Other Stage for...

9.40 ...**Mansun** with their pimp-punk-mod chic not exactly in tune with the by now brittle combat rags you'll be wearing. But sartorial in-appropriateness aside, laughing boy Draper should win the crowd over with his easy going charm. Or maybe not.

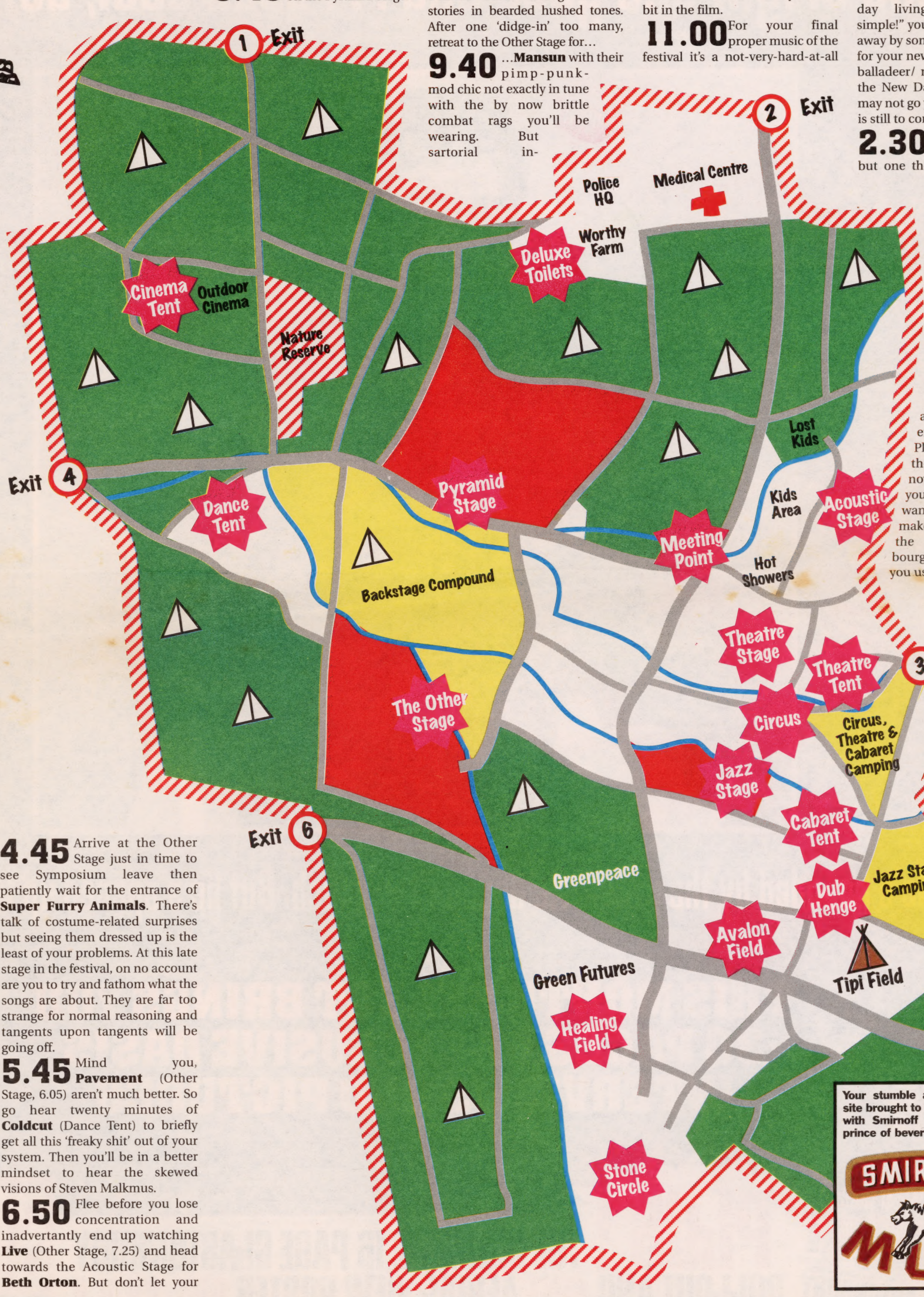
10.30 After a scoop of sheep's milk ice cream and a couple of dandelion root daquaris, give **Steve Winwood** a go. For, like, two minutes, then bugger off to the Cinema Marquee to see the opening half hour of **Mars Attacks** as that's the only decent bit in the film.

11.00 For your final proper music of the festival it's a not-very-hard-at-all choice between **The Bluetones** (Other Stage) and the majesty of **Daft Punk** (Dance Tent)... It'll be the French disconaughts then, so have an invigorating snifter of Hi-NRG Oaksap in preparation for one of the only reasons for European integration.

12.30am Two solid hours with which to wander round telling anybody who'll listen that you fully intend to break the shackles of modern day living. "Everything's so simple!" you will cry as you get led away by some tribe of unsavouries for your new life as a freewheeling balladeer/ road protester/ Cult of the New Dawn devotee. But you may not go yet as the freakiest part is still to come...

2.30... **Microcosmos** (Cinema Field) has but one theme. Insects. In close up. Forget your *Yellow Submarine*'s and your *Head*'s, this is one mother of a pharmaceutically-friendly film and should see hundreds recoiling in anguish at the entomological horrors on display. Perfect flashback material for years to come.

4.30 Once recovered amble round the dying embers of the festival. Pledge undying love to the alternative lifestyle now, because tomorrow you'll feel like death and want nothing more than to make a hasty return to all the trappings of the bourgeois capitalist society you usually frequent.



Your stumble about the festival site brought to you in conjunction with Smirnoff Mule, the ginger prince of beverages!

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